

M-Ma

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Lincoln Poetry

Poets

Surnames beginning M-Ma

Excerpts from newspapers and other
sources

From the files of the
Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

Mabel

At Lincoln's Tomb

"I cannot with brush and palette"

AT LINCOLN'S TOMB.

I cannot with brush and palette
Show the wisdom in his face;
Nor with chisel, stone and mallet
Reveal his body's homely grace.
Simple tribute this I give:
I'm glad that Lincoln came to live.

Gifted pens have told his story;
Royalty stooped at his bier.
Orators bespeak his glory;
Presidents pay homage here.
Mine inadequate beside:
I'm glad he lived before he died.
—Mabel.

—CH—

Rochester, N.Y. 2/12/42

As Life Goes By
By DONALD J. MacCARGO *2/12/42*

Abe Lincoln

How great a man he really was,
They couldn't see just then,
But now we know how great he was
Compared with other men.
And many a boy and man has seen
His picture on the wall
And thought, how far a man can climb
From a beginning small!

How great a man he really was,
They didn't seem to sense,
And yet, a Power knew he was,
That Power was Providence.
And in this tall, ungainly frame,
God put a heart so true
That when we look at Abe we see
Christ's goodness shining through.

Lines For Living
By DONALD J. MacCARGO

LINCOLN

I like to think of Lincoln as a man
who started low,
Who through hard work and study
found the way to learn and
grow,
A man whom Nature molded on a
rugged sort of plan,
Who for all his rough exterior was
every inch a man.

Consider for a moment how he la-
bored from the start;
Consider all his failures—and the
bigness of his heart;
Consider his persistence, his integ-
rity, his might
Gained from prayer and meditation
—used to replace wrong with
right.

I like to think of Lincoln as a
friendly sort of man,
The Preserver of the Union and a
true American:

There may be men more polished
who have steered the Ship of
State,

But there'll never be a nobler one
however long we wait.

Donald J. MacCarg
2/2/45

Lincoln—An Inspiration

By NEIL MACDONALD.

Copyright, 1913, by American Press Association.

AMONG the noblest of our race
Our Lincoln stands the peer of
all,

With fame the years cannot efface
While home and freedom men en-
thrall.

With face illumined with the light
Of greatness, Lincoln sped his way,
Resolved that freedom and the right
Throughout our country should have
sway.

When troubles dire assailed the land
God's self appointed man appeared
To lead and lend a helping hand,
To save the fabric freedom reared.

Warm hearted, true, of soul sincere,
A man of rare, heroic mold,
With confidence, unmoved by fear,
He held intact what dear we hold.

Yea, more than this, with sword and
pen

He struck at galling time worn gyves
Which had enslaved a race of men
And hope enthroned in countless
lives.

Throughout all coming years his fame
Will brighter grow with lapsing time
The mention of his honored name
Will stimulate to deeds sublime.



The Star That Was Lincoln

By Lillian C. Mack

A little over sixty years ago
Our nation, strong and great,
Lay trembling, torn and wounded so,
Before uncertain Fate;
We did not know, we could not tell
What strange thing might befall,
We only knew our hearts were brave,
And God was over all.

At last, the darkness grew intense,
The winds beat, oh, so wild,
We thought our ship would surely sink,
How could it sail that tide?
But in the blackest of the night,
A Star did soon appear,
So calm, so bright, so pure, serene,
That none again did fear.

We knew that Star had come to save,
We steered quite clear ahead,
The light it shed did guide us straight,
And safely on we sped;
And soon the fog was lifted,
The storm-clouds passed away,
The darkness of that wind-swept night
Was changed to glorious day.

Thank God that Star was Lincoln;
He guided safe, you see,
And so again we stand to-day
A nation strong and free;
And still his glory shineth,
And still the children sing,
"All honor to the brightest Star
In Freedom's diadem."

A Tribute to Lincoln

AND so they buried Lincoln?
Strange and vain!
Has any creature thought of
Lincoln hid
In any vault, 'neath any cof-
fin lid,
In all the years since that wild
spring of pain?

'TIS false—he never in the
grave hath lain.
You could not bury him al-
though you slid
Upon his clay the Cheops
pyramid
Or heaped it with the Rocky
mountain chain.

THEY slew themselves; they
but set Lincoln free.
In all the earth his great heart
beats as strong,
Shall beat while pulses throb to
chivalry
And burn with hate of tyranny
and wrong.
Whoever will may find him any-
where
Save in the tomb—not there, he
is not there.

—James T. Mackay in Century Magazine.

1817



*AND so they buried Lincoln? Strange and vain!
 Has any creature thought of Lincoln hid
 In any vault, 'neath coffin lid,
 In all the years since that wild spring of pain?
 'Tis false, he never in the grave hath lain.
 You could not bury him although you slid
 Upon his clay the Cheops pyramid
 Or heaped it with the Rocky Mountain chain.
 They slew themselves; they but set Lincoln free.
 In all the earth his great heart beats as strong,
 Shall beat while pulses throb to chivalry
 And burn with hate of tyranny and wrong.
 Whoever will may find him, anywhere
 Save in the tomb. Not there—he is not there!*

Written by James Thompson McKay on the re-interment of Lincoln at Springfield, Ill., on April 14, 1887.

"Lin. Kaolegram"
2/32

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

And so they buried Lincoln? Strange
and vain.

Has any creature thought of Lincoln
hid

In any vault 'neath any coffin lid,
In all the years since that wild
spring of pain?

'Tis false—he never in the grave
hath lain.

You could not bury him although
you slid

Upon his clay the Cheops Pyramid
Or heaped it with the Rocky Moun-
tain chain

They slew themselves—they but set
Lincoln free.

In all the earth his great heart beats
as strong,

Shall beat while pulses throb to
chivalry,

And burn with hate of tyranny and
wrong.

Whoever will may find him, any-
where

Save in the tomb. Not there—he is
not there.—James McKay.

Signature M. G.
The Sunday School Banner

"And so they buried Lincoln?--"

"And so they buried Lincoln?
Strange and vain!
Has any creature thought of Lincoln
hid
In any vault, 'neath any coffin lid,
In all the years since that wild spring
of pain?
'Tis false,—he never in the grave
hath lain.
You could not bury him although
you slid
Upon his clay the Cheops pyramid,
Or heaped it with the Rocky Moun-
tain chain.

"They slew themselves; they but set
Lincoln free.
In all the earth his great heart beats
as strong.
Shall beat while pulses throb to chiv-
alry
And burn with hate of tyranny and
wrong.
Whoever will, may find him, any-
where
Save in the tomb. Not there—he is
not there."

NEW SPHERE

2/13/31

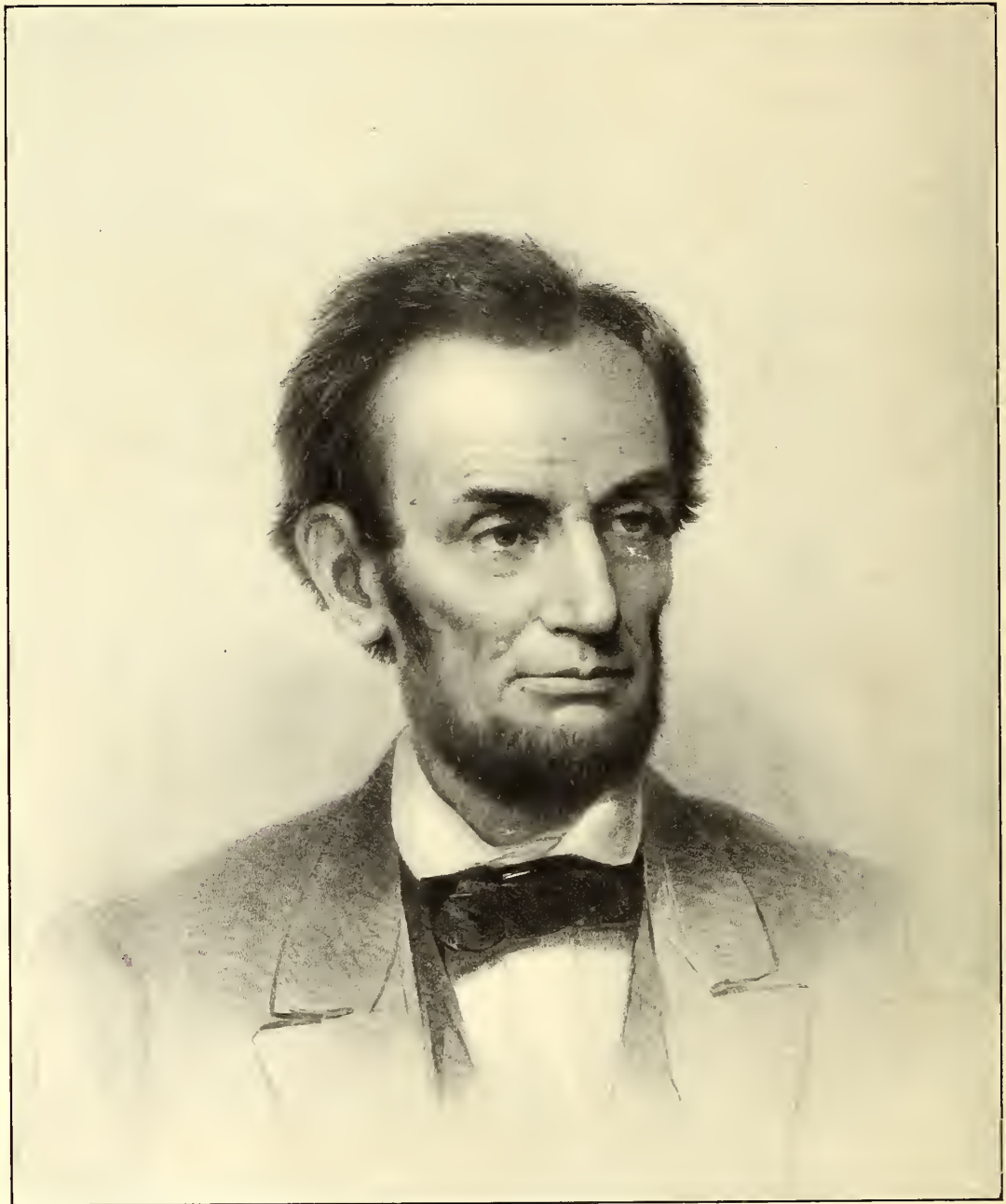
Above Judea's purple-mantled plain,
There hovers still, among the ruins lone,
The spirit of the Christ whose dying moan
Was heard in heaven, and paid our debt of pain.

As subtle perfume lingers with the rose,
Even when its petals flutter to the earth,
So clings the potent mystery of the birth
Of that deep love from which all mercy flows.

Within this house - this room - a martyr died,
A prophet of a larger liberty -
A liberator setting bondmen free,
A full-orbed MAN, above mere mortal pride.

The cloud-rifts opening to celestial glades,
Oft glimpses him, and his spirit lingers still,
A Christ's sweet influence broods upon the hill
Where the red lily with the sunset fades.

A little girl with eyes of heavenly blue,
Sings through the old place, ignorant of all,
Her angel face, her cheerful, birdlike call
Thrilling the heart to life more full, more true.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

"HEROIC PATIENCE, STRONG HUMILITY,
POWER WHOSE HUMAN COURAGE SHINES NOT LESS
THAT HUMOR LEAVENS THE SHREWD HONESTY;
DEMOCRACY'S OWN BROW; THE AMERICAN IDEAL."

—From the *Centennial Ode on Abraham Lincoln* by
PERCY MACKAY

The Forum, February, 1909.

THE NATIVITY OF LINCOLN¹

Prelude to "An Ode on the Centenary of Abraham Lincoln"

BY PERCY MACKAYE

It was the season bleak
Of silence and long night
And solemn starshine and large solitude;
Hardly more husht the world when first the word
Of God creation stirred,
Far steeped in wilderness. By the frore creek,
Mute in the moon, the sculptured stag in flight

¹These verses are the opening lines of a longer poem, which the author will deliver before the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences on February 7th, and they are published here by special arrangement with the Brooklyn Institute and with the Macmillan Company, who will publish the complete Ode in book form during the present month.

The Railsplitter.

[From ode on the centenary of Abraham Lincoln, by Percy Mackaye.]

He is the people's still—their Railsplitter,
Himself a rail, clean-grained, of
character
Self-hewn in the dark glades of Circum-
stance
From that deep-hearted tree
Democracy,
Which, by our race's heritage,
Reforests age on age,
Perpetual in strong fecundity.

These are the rails to build republics
with,
Their homesteads and their towns,
God give us more
And ever more of such to build our own,
Enlarging still in manhood, not in stone
And iron merely and in metal ore:
Not men like rails of polish'd steel,
Invoice-begotten breeds, that pour
Stillborn from laboring wombs of stark
machines
And all alike,
With flange and spike,
To couple and dovetail and serve as
means
To cart more gold dust on the common-
weal;
Not these; but such as breathe
Yet of the trail, the redwood and the
ranch,
The gale-swept mountain and the
prairie's sheen,
And cities where the stars can still
look in
And leave their benediction: common
men,
Kindled by nature's awe to contem-
plation.
And by her goads to courage; not too
vain
Of self, to show the clean knots in their
grain,
Blazed from the same great bole that
grew Abe Lincoln's branch:
Such be the men of whom we build our
nation!

AN ode on the centenary of Abraham Lincoln by Percy MacKaye is to be read by the author to-morrow night before the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, and will be published by Macmillan. It is an inspired poem, one of the finest things Mr. MacKaye has done. Perhaps the summing up of the war is one of the most illuminating passages in the ode:—

While triumph pealed his consummated task
And that great theatre
Where late he watched the war's solemnity
Was narrowed to a moment's comedy,
The sudden angel of the tragic mask
Flashed in his gaze the blinding sepulchre.
It was a dream! For that which fell in death—
Seared by the assassin's lightning, and there lay
A spectacle for anguish, was a wraith;
The real, immortal Lincoln went his way
Back to his only home and native heath—
The common people's common heart. And they
Who speak of Lincoln to his countrymen—
Now while one vast communion makes to-day
His temple—speak to Lincoln, born again
From that perennial earth
Whereof he had his birth,
And, estimating him, they estimate
The source of all that made and yet shall make us
great.

The tragedy of Lincoln's murder and death presented unusual difficulties, and the author has proved himself a true seer, handling the problem with a master poet's hand.

The climax of the ode, with its clear, exultant note in the face of death, recalls the stirring strains of Siegfried's funeral march. In both the triumphant spiritual victory rises above the material death:

But he is more than ours, as we are more
Than yet the world yet dares dream. His stature
grows

With that illimitable state
Whose sovereignty ordains no tribute shore
And borderland of hate,
But grounds its justice in the joy it sows.
His spirit is still a power to emancipate
Bondage—more base, being more insidious,
Than serfdom—that cries out in the midst of us
For virtue born of opportunity
And manhood weighed in honest worth,
And freedom based in labor. He stands forth
Amongst nations old—a new world Abraham,
The patriarch of people yet to be,
Blending all visions of the promised land
In one Apocalypse!



Feb. 12, 1809

They Did Not Think Him Great

They did not think him great who knew him when
He walked the ways and shared the tasks of men.
They thought him strong and gentle, kind and mild,
Friendly, direct, and simple as a child;
But no, not great.

What, Lincoln great? They could not think him that
Who knew him as a neighbor, heard him chat
Of homely things in homely words. They knew
That what he said was honest, simple, true;
But no, not great.

Great men are grave, but Lincoln loved to joke;
Great men are different from the common folk,
And Lincoln wasn't; he was of their kind,
Kindly and honest and of modest mind,
But no, not great.

There were great men while Lincoln was alive.
We know their names because they helped him strive,
Or hindered him. They did not think him great.
Nor he, himself; an instrument of Fate,
But no, not great.

Hewer of wood, and plower of the sod,
How well he knew that none is great, save God
Who gives the increase. Men may plow and sow,
But what they do is greatest when they know
They are not great.

—Charles Henry Mackintosh.

The Os-Li-Co

February, 1931

A Poem For the Centennial

of the

Emancipation Proclamation

by

Archibald MacLeish

(Copyright 1962 by Archibald MacLeish)

(1)

Slow Potomac, tarnished water
Silent already with the sense of sea
And still the stain upon you of those raging reaches,
Ravaged Shenandoahs and the toppled elm--
Hold us a little in your drifting thought,
O soiled, sad river! We,
We too, forefeel; we too remember:
Greatness awaits us as it waits for you
Beyond the sea-fall on those shuddering beaches . . .

And the shame pursues.

(2)

We bring the past down with us as you bring your
Sodden branches,
Froth on your yellow eddies and a few
Blind flowers floating like a dead bird's wing:
All that defiling refuse of old wrong,
Of long injustice, of the mastered man,
Of man (far worse! far worse!) made master--
Hatred, the dry bitter thong
That binds these two together at the last;
Fear that feeds the hatred with its stale imposture;
Spoiled, corrupted trappings of the grapes of wrath . . .

We bring the past down with us, the shame gathers
And the dream is lost.

And still beyond us always the lost dream.

(3)

Think of us, river, where your eddies turn
Returning on the purpose of the stream
And the gulls scream!

~~Yes~~ Think

and beyond there where the surges burn
Bright on their beaches and the waters live,
Think of us, river!

Is this our destiny--defeated dream?

(4)

Within that door
A man sits or the image of a man
Staring at stillness on a marble floor.
No drum distracts him nor no trumpet can
Although he hears the trumpet and the drum.
He listens for the time to come.

"As to the policy I 'seem to be pursuing' . . .
I would save the Union . . .
My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union . . ."

The trumpet's breath,
The drummer's tune--
Can drum and trumpet save the Union?

What made the Union--held it in its origins together?
"I have often inquired of myself
what great principle or idea it was . . .
It was not the mere matter of the separation from the motherland
but something in the Declaration giving liberty
not alone to the people of this country
but hope to the world . . .
It was that which gave promise
that in due time
the weights should be lifted from the shoulders of all men."

To save the Union:
To renew
That promise and that hope again.

(5)

Within this door
A man sits or the image of a man
Remembering the time before.
He hears beneath the river in its choking channel
A deeper river rushing on the stone,
Sits there in his doubt alone,
Discerns the Principle,
The guns begin,
Emancipates--but not the slaves,
The Union--not from servitude but shame:
Emancipates the Union from the monstrous name
Whose infamy dishonored
Even the great Founders in their graves . . .

He saves the Union and the dream goes on.

(6)

Think of us, river, when the sea's enormous
Surges meet you on that morning shore!
Think of our destiny, the place
Named in our covenant where we began--
The rendez-vous of man,
The concourse of our kind, O kindred face!

And you,
Within there, in our love, renew
The rushing of that deeper flood
To scour the hate clean and the rusted blood,
The blind remembrance!

O renew once more,
Staring at stillness on that silent floor,
The proud, lost promise of the sea!

Renew the holy dream we were to be!

--Archibald MacLeish

Macloskee, G.

OUR PRESIDENTS

"Father Washington left us
united and free,"

Our Presidents

By G. Macloskee

Father Washington left us united
and free,
And John Adams repelled French ag-
gression at sea;
Boundless Louisiana was Jefferson's
crown,
And when Madison's war-ships won
lasting renown,
And the steamboat was launched,
then Monroe gave the world
His new doctrine; and Quincy his
banner unfurled
For protection. Then Jackson, with
railways and spoils,
Left Van Buren huge bankruptcies,
panics, and broils.
Losing Harrison, Tyler by telegraph
spoke;
And the Mexican war brought acces-
sions to Polk.
Taylor lived not to wear the reward
of ambition,
And Fillmore's sad slave-law stirred
up abolition.
So, compromise failing, Pierce wit-
nessed the throes
Of the trouble in Kansas. Secession
arose
Through the halting Buchanan. But
Lincoln was sent
To extinguish rebellion. Then some
years were spent
Reconstructing by Johnson. Grant
lessened our debt;
Hayes resumed specie-payments; and
Garfield was set
On Reform, which, as Arthur soon
found, came to stay.
Now for President Cleveland good
citizens pray.

Grant

MY FATHER'S SWORD

By Homer Eugene MacMaster

My father's sword is cherished,
And hangs upon my wall,
A silent sacred memory
Of days beyond recall.

Its scabbard is corroded,
Its blade is red with rust,
Its hilt is worn and battered,
And covered o'er with dust.

It is the sword he carried
When in youth he marched away,
To join with other soldiers,
And mingle in the fray.

A fair-faced lad, a youngster
Upon the battle field,
He met the foe unflinching,
His valient sword did wield.

His sword is now a symbol
Of a courage high and brave,
Of the men and boys unnumbered,
Who sleep within the grave.

His sword is now a symbol
Of the remaining few today,
Who answered Lincoln's call
And by thousands marched away.

His sword is now a symbol
Of manhood's stern decree,
That our nation shall endure
Until every man is free.

His sword is now a symbol;
A voice from out the past;
"Long may our land be bright,
Long may its blessings last".

LINCOLN'S FLAG

By Homer Eugene MacMaster

Lincoln's flag in splendor
Floats high from shore to shore,
To catch the tint of morning light
Where war is known no more.

May its gleaming stars of glory,
In a field of azure blue,
Shine as bright and clear for us
As the stars that Lincoln knew.

May its crimson stand for courage;
And its white be pure as snow;
May the blue of loyalty
Our deep devotion know.

May the stars and stripes forever,
Shed hope and peace abroad
Among the nations of the earth,
And be a messenger of God.

Homer E. MacMaster

The Mother of Abraham Lincoln

Like pilgrims to a holy shrine,
The Boy Scout troops will go
To pay respects to Motherhood,
And filial reverence show.

From city, town and village,
They will go from far and near
To the grave of Lincoln's mother,
The one he did revere.

They will gather on a hilltop,
Around a narrow, lowly grave
To lay a wreath above the breast
Of a mother, young and brave.

Their heads will bow in silence,
While in retrospect they see
Those stirring days of long ago,
When a Bare-foot lad roamed free.

They will see a gentle mother
And that lad walk hand in hand,
Before a sickness called her
As it swept across the land.

From a settler's humble cabin,
From a life of toil and care;
By those who dearly loved her
She was laid to rest up there.

No word of hope was spoken,
No song of love was sung,
But all around was solitude
And hearts in anguish wrung.

From age to passing ages
Above her quiet, peaceful bed,
The forest trees keep watch and ward
With the gleaming stars o'er head.

O great and noble mother,
Most honored of them all,
Who give their lives in sacrifice
When heavy duties fall.

Beneath the light of Heaven,
Where God to earth comes near,
Lies a mother's lowly grave,
O Blessed Pioneer.

Homer Eugene MacMaster
Mother's Day at Lincoln Park.
Sunday, May 10, 1936.

*Written at San Francisco
Lincoln City, Oregon
1936*

Lincoln
7/2/13

NORTHEAS

LINCOLN SPEAKS AT GETTYSBURG

To the battlefield of Gettysburg
Abraham Lincoln came,
And the speech he there delivered
Has immortalized his name.

He came upon that sacred spot,
Where a vast assembled throng
Had met to dedicate a shrine
With prayer and speech and song.

He stood with head uncovered,
Felt the great impelling power,
And influence of unnumbered men
Who gave themselves that hour.

He knew his words were futile,
Could neither add nor take away
From the many deeds of valor
Of those who fought that day.

In speech but briefly spoken,
With simple words and few,
He gave the world his masterpiece;
Words of import great and true.

He called upon the living,
Rather than the honored dead,
To consecrate themselves anew
To far greater tasks ahead.

In this reunited nation,
In this land of freedom's birth,
He said that government of the
people
Should not perish from the earth.

His speech so rich in grandeur
As a monument will stand,
More enduring than the Pyramids,
Upon Egypt's shifting sand.

—Homer Eugene MacMaster.

THE MOTHER OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

By Homer Eugene MacMaster

As pilgrims to some holy shrine,
We follow those who go
To honor motherhood this day,
And full devotion show;
We gather on a wooded hill
About a mother's lowly grave,
To lay a wreath above the breast
Of one both young and brave.

We bow our heads in silence
While in retrospect we see
Vivid scenes of frontier days,
When a barefoot boy roamed free;
We see a gentle mother
And that Boy walk hand in hand,
Before a dreaded scourge of death
Swept far across the land.

From a settler's humble cabin,
From a life of toil and care,
Amid the snowy blasts of winter,
She was laid to rest up there;
No word of hope was spoken,
No song of love was sung,
But all around was solitude
And hearts with anguish wrung.

But from age to passing ages,
Above her peaceful bed,
Giant trees keep watch and ward
With the gleaming stars o'er head;
While pilgrim feet press onward--
They come from far and near--
A multitude, a host they come,
To honor and revere.

O great and noble mother!
Most honored of them all
Who give their lives in sacrifice
When heavy duties fall;
Beneath the light of heaven,
Where God to earth comes near,
Lies a mother's lowly grave--
O blessed pioneer!

Homer E. MacMaster



The Nation Mourns.



From all churches
Sad and slow,
Toll the bells
The knell of woe.

Hark! their sad and solemn notes attend,
Abraham Lincoln to his last way's end.

Dead silence, mutely hovers
Above grave's dreary strand,
With sable pall it covers
The Leader of Our Land.

Despairing men are wringing
In vain their hands here wound,
The Orphan's wail is winning
No solace from its ground.

The nightingales' caroling
Sounds never in its womb;
True Patriots tears are rolling
But on the mossy tomb.

Published by Chas. Magnus 12 Frankfurt St. N.Y.

"In Memory of Abraham Lincoln
by Sarah CORNING MACNUSSON.
PUB - in "Parlor Table Companion"
April 14, 1876 -

1) "Weep! O weep! for my child is dead,
Said Columbia as she bowed her head
Over the grave of her martyred son.
Torn from her arms, his work just done
Slain! by the hand of the assassin he fell;
Shot! without warning or word of farewell,
Chant the sad dirge - toll, toll the bell!

2) Was ever the like known under the sun,
That a man should be slain for a victory won?
Over rebellion, oppression and treason?
When tyrants fall thus, there may seem some
reason!

But this man to murder who bled us so well,
What a pitiful story the ages to tell.
Chant the sad dirge - toll - toll the bell!

3) Lyric Elson! comes over the seas -
As affrighted Europe on bended knees,
(over)

Lists to the mails of a nation's deep sob -
Hears how the heart of humanity throbs
With grief at the loss of a soul so true,
When our noblest are spared not, it surely
is true

Such as we should pray Kyrie Eleison

4) Branch the truth marches on through the age
Gleaming with stars, here and there, history
pages--

But no star of them all more, proudly
will shine,

Than this rail-splitting President here
of mine,

Who traffics in nobles & weapons
the poor--

With one stroke prospective billions of
millions of men--
And then-- gave his life for those men

5) To damn Landmann's robes round
the world.

As from Sumner's height Freedom's flag
is unfurled--

It is pass, clear and true, who

to
me - sang Africa's songs,
And told the sad story of
Africa's wrongs.

In years past predicted a firm
hand would come
That would plant Freedom's banner
in Slavery's home.

Fulfilled! is the prediction - for
Lincoln has come!

Glorify God! Through all heav-
en's ringing,

While Columbia's son our offer-
ing is bringing

At a disenthralled race to
the all Father's throne -
So welcomed with Fatherhood

Thou hast well done.

The offerings accepted, Thus
With the Word.

"Enter thou into the joy of thy
Lord -",

Then no more chant the
dirge. - toll not the bell,
With Abraham Lincoln
all is well, -

Malam, Charles

A BOY'S LIFE OF LINCOLN
"Abraham Lincoln split the rails"

A Boy's Life of Lincoln

Abraham Lincoln split the rails
To fence the land about,
To keep the cornland from the woods
And warn the Indians out.

When he swung the axehead high
The State of Illinois
Braced itself to take the shock
Of its strongest boy.

His heart was like the forest wide,
Vast and deep and kind;
There were green leaves in his thought
And hickory in his mind.

CHARLES MALAM.

NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE,

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1948

LYRICS of LIFE

by Douglas Malloch

THE BOY'S LINCOLN.

Lincoln, I love you most for this:
I never knew a boy to miss
The glory of your story. He
Could be the boy you used to be,
In his imagination. You
Were one he understood and knew.
Though his orv was often dim,
You were no mystery to him.
With you, because he understood.
He worked the garden, cut the wood,
Or drove the wedges for his fire.
With you he lay before the fire
And saw strange fancies in the blaze.
The dreams God grants in boyhood
days,

Or on some little journey took
Along some well-beloved book.
He had the bruise, the blow, the fall,
Yet had a mother through it all,
A second mother, wise and kind.
Yes, every boy could somehow find
Himself in Lincoln, could behold
Within himself the boy of old.
Could hear his voice, and touch his
hand,
A boy a boy could understand.

Lincoln, for this I love you best:
You struck a spark in boyhood's breast
And lit in boyhood hearts the fire
Of high ambition, that desire
(What flags are folded or unfurled)
That yet must somehow save the world.
For, if a lad could be the lad
That Lincoln was, if boyhood had
That common kinship, knew the truth
Of Lincoln's dreams in Lincoln's youth.
Yes, felt his pain and lived his joy,
If Lincoln was another boy,
Then boyhood, making manhood's plan,
Could think of Lincoln as a man—
Could dare to dream his dreams, and
know

A boy may rise, however low,
To any heights, however high,
If he, like Lincoln, dares to try.
Lincoln, for this I love you most:
That boyhood loves you. Men may
boast,

But this is greatness. And to-day,
Whatever orators may say,
In this your greatest greatness lies:
I see your dreams in boyhood's eyes.

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IF I SHOULD CARVE A LINCOLN.

If I should carve a Lincoln, I would take
No snow-white marble, but a rugged rock,
One that the frosts of winter could not
break,

That had withstood the ocean's thunder-
ing shock,
Some solid rock amid the shifting sands,
Unmoved by storm, unaltered by the wave,
Some granite giant that forever stands
To mark the harbor with a light to save.

If I should carve a Lincoln, I would shape
Some promontory lifting from the sea,
Standing, as Lincoln stood, a mighty cape
Thrust forward into time a century,
Looking, as Lincoln looked, beyond the
shore,

Across the ocean of future years,
A rock to stand for men forevermore
And point the way to other pioneers.

If I should carve a Lincoln I would form
A figure from a rock that loved the sun,
A rock that glistened after every storm
And smiled with verdure when the rain
was done,

A rock where little children came to play
And violets to blossom on the slope,
That found, like Lincoln, humor in each
day,
In words of humor finding words of hope.

If you would carve a Lincoln, such a stone
You will require, O sculptor, for your art,
Some stone gigantic standing thus alone,
High as his mind, and broad as Lincoln's
heart.

We may not hope to shape with human
hands

A fit memorial for such as he—
Leave Time to carve it from some rock
that stands,

Some new Gibraltar by our western sea.
DOUGLAS MALLOCH.

(Copyright by the McClure News-Syndicate.)

LYRICS OF LIFE.

BY DOUGLAS MALLOCH.

The Lesser Lincoln.

A MILLION men have spoken praise,
A thousand written rimes,
For so a monument we raise
To those of other times.
But, Lincoln, in the midst of men,
I think you longed for some one then
To speak approval, when mankind
Only some failing seemed to find.

And lesser Lincolns even now
May seek the common good,
With hearts like yours, and yet, some-
how,

As much misunderstood.
Some lesser Lincoln now may stand,
A rock amid the shifting sand,
That other ages may commend,
But now that no one dare defend.

We lay on Lincoln's tomb today
The laurel wreath of fame,
And yet I know a better way
To honor Lincoln's name—
To seek some lesser Lincoln out
That some men curse and all men
doubt,

Wait not for laurel wreath and stone,
But praise some Lincoln of our own.

Gene. Ref. P. 2. 12. 79

LYRICS OF LIFE
by Douglas Malloch

LINCOLN THE BOY.

So many boys had so much more
Than he could have, this Lincoln boy.
So many boys who passed his door
Were richer clad, knew brighter joy,
He might have said, as some have said,
"What hope have I to get ahead?
Whatever other boys may be,
There isn't any chance for me."

He might have whimpered, might have
whined;
He might have even learned to hate;
But envy marks the little mind;
The jealous never are the great.
Yet Lincoln saw the ivy toll
Toward heaven from the common soil.
All nature seemed one truth to teach;
They never rise who never reach.

He did not care what others had;
He only sought what he had not;
And, richer than the richest lad
That ever passed that lonely spot,
He reached for knowledge, reached for
truth.
Go learn the tale of Lincoln's youth;
How low his station, high his goal,
How poor his body, rich his soul.

There was a chance; there always is
For ev'ry boy in ev'ry time;
And Lincoln knew that chance of his
Was not to envy but to climb.
However low the lowest round,
It's always higher than the ground.
However high a peak may rise,
We reach it looking toward the skies.
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Syndicate.]

LYRICS OF LIFE

by Douglas Malloch

LINCOLN THE IMMORTAL.

I think men honor Lincoln more
Who make him human, make him
man,

Than those who eloquently soar
To some far height no eye can scan,
Who make him something less because
They make him greater than he was.

Lincoln, immortal memory,
And yet a man and not a god,
Erred, suffered, stumbled—even he;
It was no path of cloud he trod,
He walked upon the common ground
And common difficulties found.

We have been poor and he was so;
He has been sad, as we have wept;
Loved, lost—no sorrow men may know
He has not known, no darkness crept
But Lincoln had the path to tread
Not knowing what might lie ahead.

This makes immortal Lincoln then;
That he was mortal, was a man,
Yet deathless messages could pen,
Immortal principles could plan,
In thought above his lot could rise,
A mortal, to immortal skies.

This was the substance of his fame;
He did great things amid the small,
Life's difficulties overcame
And kept on doing through them all
The best he could. No orator
Would dare say less, could well say
more.

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IF I SHOULD CARVE A LINCOLN.

If I should carve a Lincoln, I would take
No snow-white marble, but a rugged rock,
One that the frosts of winter could not
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ing shock,
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A fit memorial for such as he—
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Some new Gibraltar by our western sea.
DOUGLAS MALLOCH.

Man City, 12-12-23
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THE LESSER LINCOLN

A MILLION men have spoken praise,
A thousand written rimes,
For so a monument we raise
To those of other times.
But Lincoln, in the midst of men,
I think you longed for someone then
To speak approval, when mankind
Only some failing seemed to find.

And lesser Lincolns even now
May seek the common good,
With hearts like yours, and yet, somehow,
As much misunderstood.
Some lesser Lincoln now may stand,
A rock amid the shifting sand,
That other ages may commend,
But now that no one dare defend.

We lay on Lincoln's tomb today
The laurel wreath of fame,
And yet I know a better way
To honor Lincoln's name—
To seek some lesser Lincoln out
That some men curse and all men doubt:
Wait not for laurel wreath and stone.
But praise some Lincoln of our own.

DOUGLAS MALLOCH.

Malone, Judge Walter

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

"A blend of mirth and
sadness, smiles and
tears;"

Abraham Lincoln

By Judge Walter Malone

A blend of mirth and sadness, smiles
and tears;
A quaint knight-errant of the pioneers;
A homely hero, born of star and sod;
A Peasant-Prince; a Masterpiece of
God.

Malone, Walter

Abraham Lincoln

" A blend of mirth and sadness,
smiles and tears -"

Abraham Lincoln

A blend of mirth and sadness, smiles and
tears;

A quaint knight-errant of the pioneers;

A homely hero born of star and sod;

A Peasant Prince; a Masterpiece of God.

—Walter Malone.

K. L. H.
1442 HARBERT AVENUE
MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

May 24, 1938.

Dr. Louis A. Warren,
Dear Sir,

I noticed in your paper that you are to make a talk in your city on the life of Abraham Lincoln. I am taking the liberty of sending you a wood-picture of the great man which I feel is a gem. It is so small, it may never have come to your notice. If it has, please pardon my intrusion. As director of the Lincoln National Foundation, I felt you might be interested.

It is by a Memphis poet,

K. L. H.
1442 HARBERT AVENUE
MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

Walter Malone (1866-1915) who is better known for his poem "Opportunity", which you will find on a bronze tablet in our Court Square.

I know of no better description of Abraham Lincoln than the following:

"A blend of mirth and sadness,
Smiled and tears;
A quaint Knight-errant of the pioneers,
A lonely hero, born of steel and pad;
A Praetor Prince; a Masterpiece of God."

Walter Malone
Very truly yours,

Fortune Lewis H. H.
(Mrs. J. J. H.)

May 31, 1938

Mrs. J. J. Hobson
1442 Harbert Avenue
Memphis, Tennessee

My dear Mrs. Hobson:

It was very kind of you indeed to forward to my hotel the list of Lincoln portraits of Abraham Lincoln by Walter Malone.

While I was familiar with the poem, it had not occurred to me that Mr. Malone was from Memphis and I took occasion to view the very fine tribute to him on the tablet at the park.

I regret indeed I did not have an opportunity to call you and thank you for your thoughtfulness.

Very truly yours,

LAW:EB

Director

LINCOLN

By William Colfax Markham

A child of the peaceful and smiling hills,
Trees were his friends and running brooks his playmates.
Learning did not walk with him through classic halls,
But wisdom clasped his willing hand in early youth.

Tall and rugged as an oak in battle mood,
He often saw what others could not even dream.
His humor refreshed like living springs in desert lands,
Yet he was saddened by the woes and strife of humankind.

Firm as the mountains that pierce the storm-swept sky,
His sympathy was as fervent as a mother with her crying child.
He knew the depths of human anguish and the smart of a critic's lash,
Yet was serene as the twilight in a meadow of sleeping daisies.

Mercy dripped from his awkward fingers while passions of men were rampant,
But in the turmoil a whole race rejoiced to call him blessed.
He saved a nation to itself and shuddered at the cost,
Not knowing the power over national destinies it would later wield.
Bearing the burden for a people who would not know his task,
He fell, to rise enshrined in the hearts of all humanity.

Abraham Lincoln

By Alexander Marlowe, D. D.

A century and eighteen years ago,
On the twelfth night of the year's second month,
Deep darkness brooded o'er Kentucky's realm.
The night groaned as a woman in travail.
The winds wailed as if mystic agony
Passed through the weird heart of the universe;
And the wild things in the vast forest land,
Heard soothing whispers murmur in the air.

Then suddenly a marvel came to pass.
A flame, celestial in its aspect, shone
Within the inky heart of the black cloud,
And the wild things beheld a mighty hand,
A wondrous Father-Hand, stretched from the flame,
And holding in its palm a human babe,
A man-child, whom it placed with tenderness
Upon the mother-lap of Nancy Hanks.

And that same Father-Hand of Providence,
Stayed unseen on the boy and on the man,
Guiding him in the way that he should go;
Leading him through defeat and victory,
Shaping him slowly for his task sublime,
Perfecting him, the savior of the slave,
And of the Union of great Freedom's land,
Giving the world through him a glimpse of God.

The grandest sight ever beheld on earth,
Is a true man, whose life, whose heart, whose work
Is patterned after His, whose sacred feet
Once pressed the yielding sand of Galilee;
One with a will to serve and live and die
For an ideal based on Truth Divine.
Behold one such on earth's arena, then:
Abraham Lincoln, Heaven's masterpiece!

Behold a sad-faced, tall, gigantic man,
Shaped like a Titan from another world.
His head is massive as a Grecian god's;
His soul is fearless, masterful and strong.
But whence that wondrous, solemn earnestness?
That clear and prayerful eye, and over all,
Like sunshine far above the murky clouds,
While all below is shrouded in dark mists,
Hope's halo, flooding mountain peaks with light,
Dissolving in the glory of the dawn?
It was God's Purpose on this Continent,
Abraham Lincoln, Son of Destiny.

And is he dead? Abraham Lincoln dead?
Did that grand spirit perish in the breeze,
As did his body in the Western tomb?
The living voice of reason answers "No,"
And the life-forces of the universe
Take up the solemn cry and answer "No."
He is alive within a million hearts,
And in the alabaster-halls of God.

Londonderry, N. H. Boston 2-12-97

Marsh, W. SONG FOR THE SECOND INAUGURAL OF PRES. LINCOLN

"Freeman shout your heartfelt
Jubals"

SONG FOR THE SECOND INAUGU-
RAL OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

Freemen shout your heartfelt Jubals,
Make Columbia's welkin ring;
Give your champion hero honor,
Loud his well-earned praises sing.

Gaily deck your marble Forum,
Wreath with flowers the victor's brow;
Twice elected as your chieftain,
Treason's schemes to overthrow.

Truth stands by him justice dealing
To the freeman and the slave;
Never flinching, never wavering—
Honest, patriotic, brave.

Full of kindness to the needy,
Heart and soul the soldier's friend;
True to God, to man and country,
Thus you'll find him to the end.

Freemen shout your loudest Jubals,
Let rejoicings fill the air;
He who knows and judges all men
This day hears Columbia's prayer.

W. MARSH,
U. S. Consul, Atlanta.

PERHAPS

Today we face a hostile world,
Our land's with danger fraught;
And menacing that freedom dear
For which our fathers fought,
A battle rages overseas
And ever nearer draws,
Until it threatens to engulf
This land in flaming jaws.

Often in such trying times
As these, my mind goes back
And comes to rest in humbled awe
Beside a tumbled shack.
It's really not a house at all
When viewed in modern times,
A split log floor, a moldy door
On which old ivy climbs.

I tiptoe to the window pane,
And peer into the gloom
Dispersed in one far corner
By a candle's faint illumine
There I see a figure bending
O'er an open book
A quest for knowledge clearly showing
In his eager look.

I watch the lean young hawk-nosed face,
And my heart grows still with love,
While reverent tears stream down my cheeks
For this blessing from above
Who came among his people in
The midst of servile strife
And led them with a kindly hand
To a newer, richer life.

And as I watch, my fears are calmed
For in my heart I know
That God will send another man
Just like Abe Lincoln, who
Will rise up from his cabin chair
And lay his book aside
And through the troubled years to come
His people's fate will guide.

Robert Martens
411 Mosely Street
Ann Arbor, Michigan
January, 1941

Wanted --- Another Abraham.

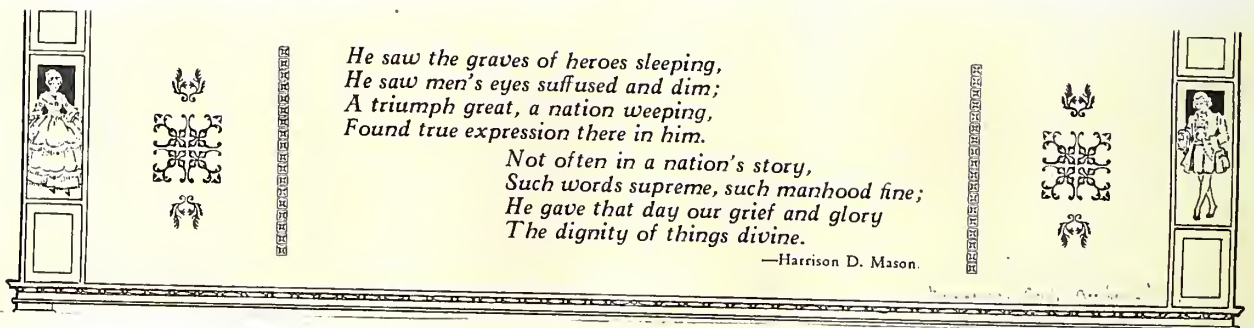
BY J. J. MARTIN
Sema Eagle May 30, '30

Mirandy sez to me: "By jacks,
I wish we had some Lincoln tracks
To scatter o'er our poor clay soil—
'Twere better than a well of oil,
Or silver mine or mine of gold,
Or other things that's bot and sold.
The Nation then could lay a slab
To the Ole Grinnel Hole, and dab
A park right up on top the bluff—
And that for us would be enough.
We'd then sell out—ten prices more
Than what our land was worth before.
To some place else we'd hie away—
You betcher life those tracks would pay
As side lines there is Jackson Park,
And Cooks Mills where they have the
lark—

Coles Station, too, and Fuller's Point
Where things are always out of joint."
I slowly sez, (she talks so fast)
"Abe Lincoln and his day is past."
But then she up and sez so quick,
"Some other fellows we could pick
To make these tracks so 'twould ap-
pear

That Abraham had passed by here.
There's Stottler with his number ten
Could walk around and back again;
And Ellis Hunt who wears the box
His shoes came in without the sox;
George Bennett who has feet so large
His shoe looks like a Federal barge;
George Werden, O, enormous feet—
That quartet would be hard to beat.
Such men as these would come our way
And make these tracks 'most any day.
I think 'twould give us better luck
To haul them down here in a truck,
And they could stride away content
By west and north way Lincoln went."
An aftermath: What barefoot lad
Will pace this country with his dad—
And will attain such power and fame,
That other ones will write his name
On monument and slab and stone,
A hero, great as ever known.

Boys, here's his motto, "don't forget,
A life of humble toil and sweat."
'Twill make you useful, good and great—
Well for your country, town and state.
O, boy! step out amid the jam
Become a second Abraham,
And help to free down-trodden man,
And all the forms of slav'ry ban.



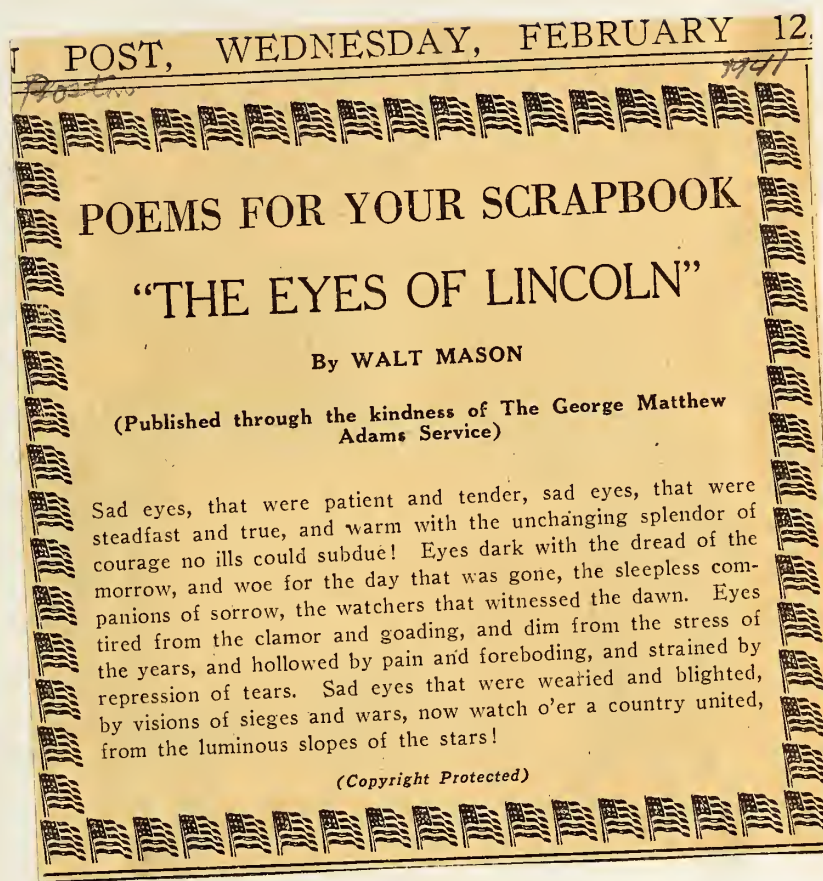
*He saw the graves of heroes sleeping,
He saw men's eyes suffused and dim;
A triumph great, a nation weeping,
Found true expression there in him.*

*Not often in a nation's story,
Such words supreme, such manhood fine;
He gave that day our grief and glory
The dignity of things divine.*

—Harrison D. Mason.

POST, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 12.

Post



POEMS FOR YOUR SCRAPBOOK

"THE EYES OF LINCOLN"

By WALT MASON

(Published through the kindness of The George Matthew
Adams Service)

Sad eyes, that were patient and tender, sad eyes, that were
steadfast and true, and warm with the unchanging splendor of
courage no ills could subdue! Eyes dark with the dread of the
morrow, and woe for the day that was gone, the sleepless com-
panions of sorrow, the watchers that witnessed the dawn. Eyes
tired from the clamor and goading, and dim from the stress of
the years, and hollowed by pain and foreboding, and strained by
repression of tears. Sad eyes that were wearied and blighted,
by visions of sieges and wars, now watch o'er a country united,
from the luminous slopes of the stars!

(Copyright Protected)

The Eyes of Lincoln

SAD eyes, that were patient and tender,
Sad eyes, that were steadfast and true,
And warm with the unchanging splendor
Of courage no ills could subdue!

Eyes dark with the dread of the morrow,
And woe for the day that was gone,
The sleepless companions of sorrow,
The watchers that witnessed the dawn.

Eyes tired from the clamor and goading,
And dim from the stress of the years,
And hollowed by pain and foreboding,
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Sad eyes that were wearied and blighted,
By visions of sieges and wars,
Now watch o'er a country united
From the luminous slopes of the stars.

—Walt Mason.

*Copy from original
of 1912*

Mason, Walt

THE EYES OF LINCOLN

"Sad eyes that were wearied
and blighted"

WALT MASON

LA JOLLA, CALIFORNIA

The Eyes of Lincoln,
Sad eyes that were wearied and blighted
By visions of sieges and wars,
Now watch o'er a country united
From the luminous slopes of the stars,
Walt Mason

WALT MASON
LA JOLLA, CALIFORNIA

May 2/32

Dear Mr. Terry--I am inclosing a verse of the "Eyes
of Lincoln" ~~poem~~ poem, and am glad to oblige you. I wrote
it a good many years ago when I was working for William
Allen White, on his Emporia Gazette. One day he said to me,
"Tomorrow is Lincoln's birthday, and I wish you'd write
something for the occasion," so I went ahead and wrote this
poem, which has become very popular, and I often receive
requests for copies of it from lovers of Lincoln.

Thanking you for your kind letter, I remain

Sincerely Yours,

Walt Mason

THE EYES OF LINCOLN.

By WALT MASON

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*The School News & Practical Educator**February - 1933*

A War-Time Incident

ADDRESS

BY

HON. U. S. GUYER
OF KANSAS

Mr. FRANK M. RAMEY. Mr. Speaker, under the leave to extend my remarks in the RECORD, I include the following Memorial Day address made by my colleague, Hon. U. S. GUYER, of Kansas, at the National Cemetery on the battle field of Antietam, May 30, 1930:

Mr. Chairman, General Pope, gentlemen of the Grand Army of the Republic, ladies, and gentlemen, I feel doubly honored and much beyond my deserts by this second invitation to speak on the battle field of Antietam on Memorial Day. For many reasons the field of Antietam always awakens tender emotions in my breast. Ninety-eight years ago along the winding, dreamy course of this old stream my mother was born. It marks a decisive victory for the Union and its arms. Over these hills an uncle rode with McClellan's cavalry that September day in 1862. Within the sound of the guns of Antietam all my grandparents and great-grandparents lie in their last slumber.

I remember, too, that it was here, on May 30, 1901, William McKinley delivered his last memorial address. Senator John M. Daniel, of Virginia, spoke that day with the President and, in his dramatic style, he portrayed how William McKinley, then commissary sergeant of an Ohio regiment, worked all the night of September 16 preparing food for his men and long before daylight on that fatal morning of September 17 drove over these hills with an Army wagon to give many a gallant boy his last breakfast. I am told a monument now marks the spot where those men were entrenched that night and where McKinley fed them in the morning.

We are here to-day to honor the memory of those men who, having "paid the last full measure of devotion," now sleep beneath the arch of the Union sky and under the sod of the land they loved so well. In honoring them we supremely honor our country and ourselves.

I never deliver a memorial address on this day without repeating a little poem by a Kansas poet who always speaks very close to the hearts of the people. I can think of nothing, unless it be the flowers, which better expresses the sentiment of Memorial Day than Walt Mason's The Little Green Tents, and in my opinion no sweeter honey of its kind has dripped from the hive of genius:

"On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread."

—O'Hara

"The little green tents where the soldiers sleep,
And the snubbeams play and the women weep,
Are covered with flowers to-day;

"And between the tents walk the weary few,
Who were young and stalwart in 'sixty-two,
When they went to the war away.

"The little green tents are built of sod,
They are not long and they are not broad,
But the soldiers have lots of room;

Masters, Lee

Anne Rutledge

"Out of me unworthy and
unknown"

Out of me unworthy and unknown
The vibrations of deathless music:
"With malice toward none, with charity for all,"
Out of me the forgiveness of millions toward millions,
And the beneficent face of a nation
Shining with justice and truth.
I am Anne Rutledge who sleeps beneath these weeds,
Beloved in life of Abraham Lincoln,
Wedded to him not through union,
But through separation.
Bloom forever, O Republic
From the dust of my bosom!"

Pasadena Star-News, Feb. 8, 1941

ADDRESS
BY
HON. U. S. GUYER
OF KANSAS

Mr. FRANK M. HAMBY, Mr. Speaker, under the leave to extend my remarks in the Record, I include the following Memorial Day address made by my colleague, Hon. U. S. Guyer, of Kansas, at the National Cemetery on the battle field of Antietam, May 30, 1930:

A War-Time Incident

October 24, 1918.

My Dear Mr. Mason:

When a man is doing good unconsciously with his remarkable talent, it would undoubtedly interest him to know some of the results.

North of Verdun several weeks ago, during a day when hell seemed to open upon us, we saw one of our boys crawling and dragging himself along. Bringing him in, we found that his leg was merely hanging by shreds. He had tied his belt around the upper limb to stop from bleeding to death. After the leg was amputated we placed him in the ambulance to send him back to the field hospital. Just as the ambulance was under way, a shell tore through it, killing one man and ripping away the boy's remaining leg.

We did what we could to show our sympathy. He looked up at us and said, "Well, I can't kick, anyhow. If I was Walt Mason I'd say I was damn lucky it wasn't my hands, as I couldn't roll a cigarette." I asked him where he got the Walt Mason idea, and he answered: "His works are my Bible."

That night he "went out" and I found a soiled bloody note book clasped in his hand. On each page is pasted one of your poems, and the selections would cheer any soldier. I am mailing you this little book under separate cover, for I am sure you will treasure it in the memory of a brave Kansas boy who gave his life for a great cause.

In the different hospitals that I have visited I have often seen your poems in evidence, one in particular, "After Death," and I feel I can thank you in behalf of our brave boys for the cheer and good sound sense you give them. Hoping you will receive the little note book in good condition, I am, respectfully,

Sergt. William Tefft Schwartz,
Medical Attendant Base Center Laboratories, Vichy, France.

Written for the Banner of Light.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BY E. LOUISA MATHER.

Another spirit hath gone home to thee,
Oh Father-God! unto thy perfect rest,
Thine all-embracing blessedness and love.
A mighty spirit, with a noble heart,
Tender, and true, and faithful, loving all,
Even his enemies. The Nation mourns
Its Father and its Head; the Nation vast
Is bleeding to its centre, and the tears
Are springing fast in many a manly eye
Unused to weeping. And the tender soul
Of Woman is stirred up to wailings sad
For him—our Country's pride, and hope, and joy.
E'en little children feel the sombre pall
That falls around us, and their earnest eyes
Are eloquent with innocence and grief.
All nature is in mourning; from the soil
Where old Penobscot rushes to the sea,
Beyond the waves of Mississippi's tide,
Where western rivers mingle with the main,
Sad tears are shed. Old Niagara's voice
Is hoarse with weeping; and the mighty hills
Seem waving back the sunshine from their fronts,
As all too joyous and too beautiful.
His dirge is chanted in the mountain pines
Of his dear North; and flower-bells, bending low,
Mingle their grief with chimings of the wave;
And at the South, the pendent moss that clings
To the old oaks, a funeral banner makes.
The Nation's tears embalm him, martyr true
To Right and Liberty. A-down the years
His name shall be emblazoned like a star
Shedding rich light and glory on their path.
Oh, cruel hand that dealt the deadly blow!
Far more accursed than Cain, the fratricide.
Shall not *his* blood—our Country's Father's blood—
Cry up against him from the very ground?
Oh! in the future annals of our time
His name shall be detested—shall go down
With that of Judas, Nero, Arnold, *all*
Apostates, traitors, liars, murderers—all
Abhorred and hateful beings of our kind.
But, oh our God! watch o'er our Country dear,
So lately jubilant with songs of praise,
Now changed, alas! to dirges sad and low.
Guide it through seas of trouble, storms of pain,
To sit on highest hills of promise fair,
And view the rising sunlight stream and pour
Over a land of freemen, and no slave
To clank his chain in mockery of right.
Then shall a rainbow glory-span our land,
And the Atlantic and Pacific waves
Shall murmur on in ceaseless melody,
"First in the vanguard of the human race!"
East Haddam, Conn.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Born pioneer in that unsettled wild.
 Reared in a cabin shorn of comfort-glow,
 Arising free from many a friendship mild,
 Denied of books whose light he feign would
 know;
 Compelled, a boy, to slay his boyish pride
 And labor manfully at his mother's side;
 Deprived of all his youthful heart's desire,
 Yet well ordained, of all these things denied,
 To live in man a monument of fire!
 Not fire that burned in frequent flashes bright,
 Then dying down into an ember low,
 But fire that burned with steady, gentle light,—
 That burned through life with Virtue's ardent
 glow.
 A man of men, and in appointed time,
 Stood he well versed to each prophetic sign:
 Brief though his words, yet long the thought-
 ful train
 That framed an act judicious or design,
 Which led to nought as frivolous or vain.
 Incessant work, nor wilderness nor home,
 Nor disadvantage lingering could hold
 The destined spirit of so wise a tone,
 A statesman's mind prepared o'er national
 mould;
 But breaking forth through earnest noble toil,
 Winning debate, peace to the noisome broil,
 Rising alone, secure of time and place,
 Despairing nought nor seeking to despoil—
 What man is this—can time his name efface?
 Lo, there he stood, through every scene un-
 moved,
 A nation's man, who with a steady hand,
 When Virtue called and rectitude behoored,
 Ruled well the forces of a troubled land.
 Devout of cause, sincere of heart and brain,
 Nor threat could change, divert, destroy, or
 main
 His noble aim, nor wrest it from the man
 Whose life devoted to his nation's claim
 Preserved it whole, relieved it from its bann.
 O. A. MAURER, of Lorane, Pa.

THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

Gilbert Maxwell

Silly and dull and commonplace, the voice
Of that misguided day
Said of your speech, old hero.
Not having come to the Skull,
Not having knelt to pray while the heedless slept,
Nobody wept
At what you had to say;
Nobody heard by choice.
I hope you did not grieve. I hope you knew
(With your speech as wind, except to the ears of a few)
That the brave thought born in pain
Had then, as now, no need
Of brief applause.
I hope you knew that the words which now stand plain,
Give pause
And dazzle the eyes of fools like sun,
Though buried centuries deep as the words of One
No less misheard and murdered without cause,
Would rise, arrayed in light, to live again.

From Harper's Magazine, February 1944
(see Magazine, Booth's Body, S.F.)

The Gettysburg Address

(From Harper's Magazine)

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GILBERT MAXWELL.

LINCOLN

Shoulders above the crowd, yet of
their clay,
His strong frame bent beneath
the selfsame load;
Treading the common path from
day to day,
Yet glimpsing wonders by the
barren road.

With head above the stars, yet
bending low
To hear the faintest cry of
earth's oppressed;
Still smiling through Gethsemanes
of woe—

So breathed a god within a mor-
tal breast,

Los Angeles, Calif. 5-12-41
W. KEE MAXWELL.

THE GREAT EMANCIPATOR

By WILLIAM HUNTER MAXWELL

Human bondage no more shall be;
All God's humans must be free!
So stubborn a task was his to do,
Along with preserving the Union too.
He followed the finger of Almighty God,
Through all the rugged roads he trod.
His cause was noble; he set the test;
He did his best, and God the rest.
He was honest; yes, through and through,
Doing by others as he thought best to do.
To his soul we pay respect today;
His truth, his work, his faith, his say.
From a humble stock of folk came he,
Abraham Lincoln to forever be.

THE SUNDAY (Newark, N. J.) STAR-LEDGER, FEBRUARY 12, 1950

